

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

Vol. II.—No. 18.

Charles L. Moore  
Editor

"The Christian Standard" on  
the Wine Making at Cana  
of Galilee.

"The Christian Standard", an  
organ of the Christian or Disciples  
church, published at Cincinnati,  
Ohio, talks like a religious paper  
should do, on the subject of the  
liquor iniquity.

It recognizes, of course, our per-  
sonal duty to abstain from the use  
of intoxicants, but it goes further  
than this and says we must use  
our civil right to put down the  
liquor traffic, by voting for Prohi-  
bition.

But in its issue of September 16,  
there is discussed a question bear-  
ing upon the liquor traffic that is  
going to test the moral courage of  
the editor of that paper. It is  
that story about Jesus' making  
wine at Cana of Galilee.

Bro. Tillman of Knoxville, Ten-  
nessee, is a total abstinence man,  
and he objects to the fact that  
the "Standard Bible Lesson Com-  
mentary" teaches, that at Cana of  
Galilee, Jesus made "real intox-  
icating wine", and encouraged its  
use.

He most pertinently and forc-  
ibly says:

The example of Christ is the end of  
all controversy. No expediency can  
ever require of us any course of con-  
duct different from that of Him who  
came to save the world. We can not  
be under higher obligation to regard  
the weak brother than was Christ  
himself. Let some one answer these  
questions: If Jesus made "real" (intox-  
icating) wine at the wedding fea-  
(100 gallons of it)—made it to be used  
as a beverage, and ordered it so used—  
not the brewer and distiller of our  
own day furnished with a justifica-  
tion. If Jesus drank "real" (intox-  
icating) wine, knowing as he did most  
that millions, essaying to fol-  
low him, all into everlasting  
hell, were compelled to the  
weak men? And if by his example he  
said: "Drink, drink, like I do, in mod-  
eration, good 'real' wine," where shall  
we get an argument for total absti-  
nence?

To this Bro. A. N. Gilbert of  
Cleveland, Ohio, who writes the  
Standard Bible Lesson Com-  
mentary, makes a most sensible and  
honest and just reply.

The substance of his reply is  
that he appreciates the very nat-  
ural difficulty and embarrassment  
of Bro. Tillman; that he is sorry  
the difficulty does exist, and that  
his prejudices against the liquor  
traffic would make him remove it  
if he could, but that as a faithful  
commentator on the Scriptures he  
is bound to recognize the exist-  
ence of the difficulty.

These good brethren are equally  
honest and equally right in their  
views. The first, as a moralist,  
has a right to object to any mor-  
alist making wine and encour-  
aging the use of it.

The making and drinking  
of wine is wrong in one of the set-  
tled and established facts among  
Prohibition moralists, and can no  
longer be open to discussion without  
a surrender of the very basal  
principles of Prohibitionists.

That the wine that Jesus is said  
to have made on that occasion,  
was the same "real, intoxicating  
wine" that is commonly alluded  
to in the Old and New Testaments  
as being dangerous, is beyond a  
doubt, according to all well es-  
tablished principles of translation  
and criticism.

All the efforts to make it ap-  
pear that it was merely fresh and  
unfermented grape juice, are sim-  
ply the apologetics and evasions of  
men who are driven to a last extremity. Such  
reasoners assume a position and  
then argue to suit the assumption,  
instead of accepting the evident  
truth in the case, and abiding the  
consequences.

All the liquor papers appreciate  
that they have the believers in  
the infallibility of the Christian  
Scriptures as a disadvantage on  
this story of Jesus' making wine,  
and they are continually quoting  
it, and with absolutely resistless  
force.

It does not amount to anything  
to quote other passages of scriptur-  
e against the use of wine. As  
Bro. Tillman says: "The example  
of Christ is the end of all contro-  
versy". We are all accustomed  
to say "Actions speak louder than  
words"; and if there were plain  
and unmistakable utterances of  
Jesus against the drinking of  
wine, this reputed miracle at Cana  
would more than cancel them.

But not only is there no ex-  
pression of Jesus against wine  
drinking, but his own language  
indicates that he was a wine  
drinker.

In Matthew 11:18-19, we have  
the following: "For John came  
neither eating nor drinking, and  
they say, 'He hath a devil'.

The Son of man came "eating  
and drinking, and they say, 'Be-  
hold a man gluttonous and a wine  
bibber'".

There is but one answer to this  
statement that Jesus made wine  
at Cana, and that is that he never  
did it. This is the answer of truth  
and honesty, and the one that  
Christians must learn to make,  
if they ever succeed in influ-  
encing the broad-minded and  
honest and intelligent.

If there is not in the beautiful  
life of Jesus and in his heroic de-  
fense of the pure and good that  
caused his death, nothing to excite  
one's love and admiration of him,  
and if there is not in the beauti-  
ful code of ethics that he taught  
nothing that commands them to  
us, no belief in miracles can ever  
implant the true Christian spirit  
in the hearts of the people. "An  
evil and adulterous generation  
seeketh after a sign" (or miracle),  
but the man who is fully imbedded  
with the sentiment of the great  
teacher, only cares to love his  
neighbor as himself, and to do  
to them as he would have them do  
to him.

Grant that Jesus worked the  
miracle of turning a few jars of  
water into wine, what would it  
amount to compared with the  
magicians of Egypt that simply  
threw out their wands and all the  
waters of the Nile, and every lake  
and pool and spring and rivulet in  
Egypt was turned into blood?

Think of Niagara pouring  
warm blood that thundered in  
the depths below and flew into  
crim son spray on the hoary rocks, and  
then seethed and boiled in the  
whirlpool below, then floated all  
the shipping on Ontario and rushed  
down the rapids of the St. Law-  
rence and bloodied the Atlantic  
ocean clear across to Ireland, and  
rolled in the tide up the English  
channel and the Thames until it  
was washed with gory waves the base  
of the parliament house in London,  
and yet every drop of all this blood,  
under a magnifying glass, just the  
same that comes from our cut  
flesh, and then you may imagine  
what occurred in Egypt, when at  
the wave of the magicians wand,  
the whole Nile, from its proverbial  
unknown head to its delta at the  
Mediterranean, poured blood  
that rolled over its wonderful  
cataracts as the water now pours  
over Niagara.

What is the miracle of turning  
182 gallons of water into wine,  
compared with that magician's  
miracle in Egypt that made such  
a flood of blood that any one of the  
seven mouths of the Nile would  
have floated the present British  
navy in blood as true and genuine  
as ever flowed from the veins of  
martyr or patriot?

But who believes this Bible  
story of Egyptian magic? Not a  
single sane and intelligent man  
in the State of Kentucky.

What else then can we expect  
than that our churches should be  
filled with people that we can not  
influence by argument and moral  
suasion, when we appeal to them  
in behalf of Prohibition and other  
measures to promote morals, when  
our learned clergy are teaching  
the people that belief in such  
stories is the great and main  
feature in Christianity?

In all the cycles of the universe  
there never was one drop of water  
turned into blood or wine, by  
magic or miracle, and every educated  
man and woman in the land  
knows this.

Why then will true and honest  
Christians who are trying to ac-  
complish the greatest reform that  
has ever been attempted in the  
annals of Christianity, give to  
their enemies and the enemies of  
good morals, this evident ad-  
vantage over the true spirit of Chris-  
tianity, simply for the sake of de-  
fending an unreasonable dogma  
that had its origin in intellectual  
darkness and religious superstition,  
which demanded that no  
moral code could be binding on  
our consciences until attested,  
confirmed and ratified by mir-  
acles?

If the smallest dewdrop that  
gleams upon a blade of bluegrass  
were, by miracle converted into  
wine, the result would be a wreck  
of matter and a crush of worlds,  
and the universe would crumble  
into chaos. It would as truly re-  
verse and overthrow the laws of  
nature as to arrest the earth and  
the planets in their orbits around  
the sun.

Just as the stopping of the  
smallest wheel in the mechanism  
of a great clock would so derange  
all other wheels as that the hands  
upon its dial would no longer  
mark the flight of time, so an in-  
terference with the harmonious

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Cleveland Ohio Gets Away  
With me on Bob Ingersoll.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 6, 1891.  
Editor of Blue Grass Blade.

We, the Prohibits of this part of  
the country are in sympathy with  
you to a certain extent. But to a man  
up a tree, it is hard to see  
where the Prohibition party would  
gain anything if it were to emu-  
late the example set by your ideal  
Bob Ingersoll.

True he has made fine speeches  
in favor of temperance, so have  
thousands of preachers all over  
the land. True he has advocated the  
Prohibition of the liquor traffic,  
so have the preachers.

Now when it comes to voting  
where do we find Ingersoll? Did  
you ever hear any one accuse him  
of voting against the Republican  
party? Oh, you may say, But  
look at the beautiful lessons he  
teaches. What better are beau-  
tiful lessons and speeches from Bob  
Ingersoll than from a preacher, if  
he does not follow his precepts?

It seems narrow-minded in  
you to use the language you do in  
reference to Sam Jones, one who  
has done more good for Prohi-  
bition than Ingersoll ever will.  
Why? Because Jones votes as he  
wishes, and not as the majority  
hypocrite I fail to see.

We have hundreds of infidels  
in our city, but as yet, we have  
failed to find them at the voting  
for Prohibition. All our strength,  
with few exceptions, comes from  
the chiroes.

Yours truly,  
A. H. MASON.

That is a splendid letter. It  
hoists both Ingersoll and me on  
our petard, and is the best  
answer to Ingersoll I have ever  
read. I have heard and read a  
good many men on the "Mistakes  
of Ingersoll", but this Cleveland  
brother is the first man I have  
ever met that beat him.

Ingersoll ran rough-shod over  
Brethren Jerry Black and Fields  
and Gladstone; and Bro. Wending  
on Ingersoll always reminds me  
of a little dog barking at the

depths below and flew into  
crim son spray on the hoary rocks,  
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whirlpool below, then floated all  
the shipping on Ontario and rushed  
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**Another Distressing Instance of the Work of Kentucky Whisky.**

As I write this the papers of the state are printing the particulars of one of the most distressing instances of the effects of whisky that I have ever known. The victim is my relative and friend, and his sweet wife and sweet and bright and beautiful boy and girl are dear to the hearts of my family and myself.

I would never mention it except that I want to do good to others by so doing, and make this case strike home to his relatives and friends and mine, who are Christian people who vote for the liquor traffic by voting for the Democratic party in this state, and at whose door lies the responsibility of the ruin of this man.

Before the election last August I personally begged some of the relatives of this fallen man, to vote with the Prohibition party.

They are the most punctilious observers of the forms of the conventional religion, and are good citizens, except that by their votes for the Democratic party in this state, they uphold and encourage this atrocious, infamous, damnable, damned and damning liquor traffic.

Their main reply to me was to laugh, and tell me that I was an infidel, and one of them said he thought he would vote with the Prohibition party when it looked like it was "strong enough to do anything," but for the present he did not want to "throw his vote away, by voting for a party that stood no show to be elected."

They are not laughing to-day like they were.

The man who has fallen a victim to this national sin, was the cashier of a beautiful bank that had been organized and built especially for him, and which for ten years he has managed with signal success and competency. He is the son of a man who was one of the leaders in the Christian church, who died in old age, and who has been instanced thousands of times as a model for young men. The son is an exceedingly handsome man, has received a college education, was the pride of the patrons of his bank; and when I took a dinner with him in his beautiful room in the bank building not long since, in the most reverential manner he bowed his head and thanked God for his daily bread.

The directors of the bank have been in the habit of having occasionally, different intoxicating drinks in the bank, at their meetings. The cashier did not drink with them, but it now develops that for the last two years he has been drinking, and it is understood that repeated absences from his bank while he was in other cities, was for the purpose of drinking whisky.

Now he has gone: abandoned a wife and children that were devoted to him, nobody among his friends know where he is, and these directors who voted for whisky and set it before him, have elected another cashier.

I am sorry for that man and pity him. The appetite that would make him throw away all that he has and become an outcast must be fearful.

But the people who excite my contempt and arouse my indignation, until what I feel would not be proper to put in print, are the near friends and relatives of that man who are also my friends and relatives, who not having this acerbated thirst for liquor themselves, and claiming to be Christians will, from year to year march up to the polls and perpetuate this liquor infamy by voting with the Democratic party in this state, on no reason in the world except that a lot of old political whisky bloats and rakes, and another lot of hireling editors want them to do so, to give offices to those old sots and libertines, and put money, more unbalanced than that that was paid to Judas, into the pockets of a set of editors who know how to do nothing on the devil's earth but to howl for Democracy, and occasionally print little lying sneers against decent people who are working for Prohibition.

I suppose I come nearer being a simon-pure heathen than is all wool and a yard wide, than any man in the state of Kentucky. I am the only man in the state that I know of who brags on being a heathen in public print, and don't care a darn who knows it.

To me, Jesus Christ and Zoroaster, Confucius and Buddha, Socrates, Gautama, Sachi Ammon and Appollonius of Tyana, are all great and good alike except that the first stands at the head, and has, more than all the others, blessed the age and country in which I live; but to keep up the liquor traffic is a part of Christianity, and these men who vote to ruin and crash and break the hearts of that dear sweet woman and her children who have been heard to pray for the return of their father—I say, if such as these be Christians, I don't want any Christianity in mine, and the Buddists in India are right who to-day are translating the writings of Ingersoll into their language to beat this introduction of Christianity and rum into their country.

The greatest moral enormity on earth to day is the liquor traffic.

Christianity has been proven a failure that it can not put it down. Mahometanism can put it down, and has done so from the time Mahomet told his people not to use liquor, nor to taste wine. The Christians say their great teacher made wine, and his followers get from it authority to run breweries and distilleries and make dogs and hogs and beasts of themselves.

I want the Mahometans here, I want them bad, and I want them p. d. q. I saw lots of them in the French army when Napoleon III was alive. They looked down upon all Christians as dogs. They were as black as a plug hat; their hair was straighter than ours, and they were just as handsome as the "Moor of Venice" that Desdemona got mashed on. But there were two things you can't make them do—eat hog meat or drink liquor. They had been using cartridges for years that were greased with hog lard, before they found it out, but as soon as they did find it out they threw away those cartridges, and their Christian commanders, could not make them touch one again, though they tied some of them to the mouths of cannon and fired them off. They would just as soon go to the devil as go into one of these Christian drinking saloons here in Lexington.

Yes we want Mohammedan missionaries here and want them bad.

The most degraded religion in the world now is Kentucky Christianity. The man who threw dust at the fox to make him run, is a bass player in the Presbyterian church in this city, and as a Democratic office holder who would rather vote for the devil than for Prohibition.

When the dogs caught the poor fox right in front of all the people, consisting of ladies and gentlemen and children, there were great shouts and cheers and laughter.

While all of this was being done by the Christians in Lexington in the name of their religion, at my house in the country where we are all heathen we had a sick kitten. My wife gave it medicine, and wrapped it up warm, and felt its failing pulse, and looked like she would cry. It died and I went with the children to the back of the garden, and we buried that little kitten with all the funeral sadness and solemnity that is said in school book poetry, to have accompanied the obsequies of my distinguished namesake, Sir John Moore.

My children read "Black Beauty." The average Kentucky editor and politician, if he ever heard of "Black Beauty," I suppose thinks it is some colored damsel, more than ordinarily attractive. You could not have paid anybody about my house to go and witness such a spectacle as these Christian people had got up.

After they had killed the poor old rheumatic fox, they had a "Tournament." This consisted of a lot of duduses on horseback who rode around a circle and punched at rings with poles.

Among people who read and know anything, what little was left of the tournament when Michael Caravates got through with it in "Don Quixote" has been annihilated by Thomas Nelson Page in "Pulasky's Chumashan," but is satire as a fragrance wasted on a desert air, when addressed to Kentucky Christians and Democrats.

In order to get ready in time for this great moral show, it was necessary for these Christian people to have fifteen hands to work all day Sunday, it the hottest and driest weather of this season to put up a mile and a half of fence, so high that with a barbed wire around the top of it, the poor persecuted animals could not get out. This was done with the knowledge and consent of the Presbyterian church, and yet the main two features in the Presbyterian religion is to sprinkle all their babies and keep the Sabbath; and that is unimportant comparatively.

Since then they have undertaken to raise some more money for Christian charity. The scheme was stupendous. It was advertised all over the country. They got out a program of the great charity entertainment, on the back of which was a fine engraving of one of our society ladies giving a big silver dollar to a famous little beggar girl, the engraving being from a photograph of the lady and the girl. It looks so natural, you know, to see our fashionable ladies stop on the street and give dollars to little beggars.

When the great charity show was over, so far from there being a single nickel to give to the poor, the expenses of the show were \$500.00 more than was taken in it, and now the principal manager of it thought he was going to get a lot of cheap glory, is mad at all the others because they are leaving him to pay that \$500.00.

About the same time that the Christian charity people of Lexington were working a heavy force all day Sunday to get ready to persecute a poor old crippled up fox, at Nicholasville twelve miles from Lexington, the enforcement of the Sunday law took a different turn.

A poor traveling photographer took some pictures on Sunday. They arrested him and fined him, and when he had not the money to pay the fine they put him in the work house and made him crack rock until the fine was paid. Not long before that in Tennessee, a "Seventh day" Baptist, who had kept Saturday for a Sabbath—every body ought to do who keeps a Sabbath at all—worked on Sunday.

They arrested him for it, and fined and imprisoned him.

These are samples of the policies and religion that they have in this country, and yet there is not

a preacher or an editor in the Bluegrass region, except the heathen Chinee who runs the "infidel" Blue Grass Blade that will blast these people for these things.

One of the greatest arguments in favor of Prohibition and woman suffrage is that the people of this state are so opposed to them.

Every old religious hypocrite and Pharisee in the whole country has blasted the proposition to keep the Chicago Exposition open Sunday, and blown his old balloon with a vigor unprecedented since Joshua blew down Jericho with ram's horns; but nobody has said a word against the arrangement with the Spaniards to have bull fights at the exposition.

Old Kit Columbus came from Spain, and Spain will have to be petted, and the Christian Spaniard can not get along without his bull fight, and they will not only have bull fights in Lexington to raise money to pay preachers and build churches.

The only difference between the Lexington bull fight and that of Madrid will be that in Lexington the picadors will be armed with pitchforks, and the bulls will not be "poled Angus" ones that have no horns, or old ones as Pat said in the famous "Irish bull."

If they would get that bull killed his owner down at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and put him and some of those charity show fellows together, in a high and tight borrowed pen, and let them fight it out with pitchforks or "Chumashen" poles, it would look more like business.

A New York Presbyterian says go on with the Blade.

No. 6, UNION PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Aug 30, 1891.

Mr. C. C. Moore,

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—The Blade reached me yesterday and has been read with great interest. When I get out my large issues I will try to reciprocate your favors.

I like your writings and your principles. World to God our church could be converted to your honesty. I am not much concerned about your infidelity, though I am a son of the Presbyterian church, and from a family that has been pillars in it for many generations. I do not say you are technically right in your religious theory, but you are true to your convictions, and that is better than a correct creed practiced.

I have devoted my life to your religion, Prohibition is, with me, only one among many issues in which righteousness is concerned.

I am sure that nationally we are in great danger. Nothing but honesty and moral integrity can save us. Permit me to clasp your hand in fraternal greeting, and bid you God speed.

I will not ask you to come up on my platform, for I think you are already on it. I subordinate all opinions to righteouness. All religious questions are open questions, and must be re-discussed, except the being of God, and the resulting truth and duty. If there is no God there can be no truth and no duty. So I must stand on this foundation. All else is unimportant comparatively.

Do not understand that I refuse to discuss the being of God, or any other religious question.

I only mean that like Archimedes, we must plant ourselves somewhere, if we would move the world.

Your remarks on Baron Hirsh's interference with prophecy reminds me of Prof. Totten's "Our Race" theory that not the Jews but ourselves are the heirs of the promises of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Read this book before abandoning prophecy.

Faithfully and fraternally,

D. P. LINDSEY.

This Presbyterian brother lives in that city of churches, Brooklyn, and has learned Presbyterianism from such men as Beecher and Talmage and Abbott. His views of religion are just as broad as I want any man's to be. I like that sentiment which says "I subordinate all opinions to righteouness. All religious questions are open questions, and must be re-discussed."

The great thought that must get possession of the Christian world, before Christianity will become anything more than the fashionable form that it now is, is that Christianity is not a thing to be believed, but is something to be done—life that men must lead. The man who does not even believe in the existence of a God, but is thoroughly imbued with the idea that we must do others as we would have them do to us, is in the only desirable sense of the word, a Christian; while the man who believes in the infallibility of the scriptures, and is punctilious in the observance of church rules and regulations, and yet lends his support to the political parties that are fostering the liquor traffic, that ruins and debases his fellow man, is not Christian.

And yet those salvation army preachers come near preaching the

of course this brother is right in his latter utterance that even the "being of God" is a question open to discussion. Investigation and discussion hurt nothing but error; and they always tend to confirm the truth. If there is no God we ought to know it just as much as we ought to know it if there is a God.

I am quite satisfied that there is no God that even remotely resembles the ideal personal God that is worshiped in the churches, and except the doing good to our fellow men there is no worship that would be pleasing to an all wise and intelligent author of the universe. But the origin of the universe is a theme for our most earnest and serious thought. As to this origin none of us should be dogmatic and overbearing, because none of us know anything definite, and even the utmost reach of our speculative philosophy has not yet formulated anything that may justly be called a "working hypothesis."

It is most desirable that all men should feel free to express themselves upon this, and all similarly occult subjects that come within the domain of religion. The aggregate and cumulative wisdom of the world might effect some great elucidation of such subjects, which is not likely we shall gain by our individual efforts under the present terrorizing influence of the devil of the land.

If newspapers and editors were all as fearless and manly as you and every man who appreciates his own competency to think upon these subjects should assert his right to do so, and use that right.

These questions have long engaged the attention of the highest thinking capacity, and while such have honestly and modestly admitted their inability to comprehend them, inferior capacities have rushed in and affirmed their convictions, and by stress of numbers have forced them on the world, and they are in the ascendancy to day, though every advance in science but serves to expose their errors.

In the absence of argument to demonstrate the truth of their conclusions they have tried to force them upon others by threat ening with eternal damnation those who do not believe them.

But men must understand that our beliefs are accidents of life, and therefore have in them no moral quality. They are not opinions that make men good or bad, but the lives they lead.

As long as men who support such an iniquity as the liquor traffic, by voting against the Prohibition party that is trying to suppress it, and then vaunt themselves upon being Christians and good men, simply because they believe some theory of some theological abstruseness, are allowed to assume a superiority to men who do not accept their creeds and dogmas, but who as Prohibitionists, or moralists in other departments, are trying to elevate and purify and make happy their fellow men, just so long will we find the church the bulwark of the greatest iniquity that has cursed modern civilization.

New York says I am "the Only man that stirs up the Anti-slavery."

BATAVIA, N. Y., Sept. 28, '91.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—The Blade reached me yesterday and has been read with great interest. When I get out my large issues I will try to reciprocate your favors.

I like your writings and your principles. World to God our church could be converted to your honesty. I am not much concerned about your infidelity, though I am a son of the Presbyterian church, and from a family that has been pillars in it for many generations. I do not say you are technically right in your religious theory, but you are true to your convictions, and that is better than a correct creed practiced.

I have devoted my life to your religion, Prohibition is, with me, only one among many issues in which righteousness is concerned.

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Do not understand that I refuse to discuss the being of God, or any other religious question.

I only mean that like Archimedes, we must plant ourselves somewhere, if we would move the world.

You are the only man that stirs up the animals on the Prohibition question.

I saw Col. Bain at Batavia. He says you are all right, and honest reliable gentleman.

Yours respectfully,

M. B. Adams.

20 MILES THE SHORTEST 4 EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY TO CINCINNATI Making direct connections in Central Union Depot for

ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS, CHICAGO, DETROIT, CANADIAN POINTS, NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND.

BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND.

Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia,

LEXINGTON TO JACKSONVILLE 174 Miles

the Shortest and Quickest Line

FLORIDA.

The only line running Solid Trains through without change for any class of passengers with choice of Pullman Boudoir and Palace Sleepers, making quick time

TO Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Savannah, Brunswick, Lake City, Thomasville, Cedar Key, St. Augustine and Cuba, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile and Points in

GEORGIA AND ALABAMA.

85 MILES THE SHORTEST TO NEW ORLEANS

TIME, 25 HOURS.

Solid Trains with Pullman Boudoir

Sleeping Cars making direct connection at New Orleans with

omnibus transfer for

TEXAS, MEXICO and CALIFORNIA.

The Only Line to

JACKSON & VICKSBURG Mississippi

Making direct connections without

omnibus transfer at Shreveport,

LOUISIANA, FOR DALLAS,

Fort Worth, Houston, Galveston,

Texas, Mexico and California.

THE SHORT LINE

with through Pullman Boudoir Sleepers to

KNOXVILLE.

Connecting with through car lines for

ASHVILLE, RALEIGH & THE CAROLINAS.

Charles C. Moore  
Editor

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	PRICE
One Year, 22 Insertions.	\$22222222222222222222
Six Months, 12 Insertions.	\$22222222222222222222
Three Months, 12 Insertions.	\$22222222222222222222
Two Months, Eight Insertions.	\$22222222222222222222
One Month Four Insertions.	\$22222222222222222222
Three Insertions.	\$22222222222222222222
Two Insertions.	\$22222222222222222222
Single Insertion.	\$22222222222222222222

Stray Cattle.

I have on my place, eight miles North of Lexington, two stray cattle.

They have been on my place a year. When they came there I informed my neighbors about them orally, as far as I could, but did not advertise them in any paper, because they were so diseased, or poor from bad treatment, that I thought for months they would die.

They are now doing well and the owner can get them on proper conditions.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

Aug 8th

150,000 ACRES OF LAND  
WANTED.

An Eastern Steamship and Colonization Company have written to the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Queen & Crescent Route, to find for them a tract of land in either Kentucky or Tennessee of about 150,000 acres. The land is to be suitable for truck farming, also for raising corn, wheat, trees and shrubs, and near enough to railroad to make shipping facilities handy. Any one having a body of land suitable for this purpose, will please communicate with the undersigned, giving price, terms, location, and all particulars.

D. G. EDWARDS  
G. P. & T. A.  
Cincinnati, O.

A Catholic Irishman Who Endorses the Blade.

Yesterday I met a man on a street of Georgetown who smiled good humoredly as he approached me and extended his hand. I did not know him, but some brogue showed me that he was an Irishman. He was not one of the kind with the outang outang lip on him, but was a curly headed good looking man. He said to me that the Blade had been coming to him, and he pulled out the money and paid me for it, and said, "you must let it come to me at the poor man's rates". I told him I would.

As soon as he called his name I knew about him. He has worked on a turpique until he made some money, and he bought him a little home and a little farm, and that man is prospering in the world, and the chances are that he will be a valuable citizen and leave his family provided for, not merely in means but in a good name.

If that man had lived in Lexington he would probably be a member of the City Council, have a saloon, and be robbing his countrymen of their hard earnings on turpiques and railroads by selling them mean whisky.

That man said to me "I am an Irishman and a Catholic, and you do give my people the devil, but every word of it is true". And then he told me that he was in town to see a lawyer because he had gotten into a fight with a drunken Irishman who was doing him wrong, and that it would cost him \$50.00.

Then he and I talked about politics and religion, and we agreed on religion just as perfectly as if we had been brought up in the same church. We agreed that it did not make any difference where a man was born, nor whether he was Catholic or Protestant, or what all; if his religion did not make him a sober, honest man, who told the truth and was fair in his dealings and tried to do good to his fellow men it was not worth anything.

I have, among my neighbors in the country, Catholic Irish people, and there is just as true a friend-

ship between us as there is between my neighbors. One of them only two days ago, while he was so drunk he almost fell out of his market wagon while talking to me, insisted that he was going to bring me a lot of fine vegetables just for friendship. There are among my Irish neighbors some poor young men, who are indolent and honest, and who take good care of their widowed mothers, for whom I have the highest regard, while I have very little for many rich and aristocratic dudes who would look down upon these poor young fellows.

In one of these families, the father of which used to shoe my horses, there is a young priest who has been educated in Germany, at a splendid institution, and knows more than all the dudes in Lexington put together.

True religion, true intelligence and true civilization will recognize the superiority of that young priest to these aristocratic saps heads who know nothing but the ways of fashionable life, and who are not worth the salt they eat.

But your Catholic Irish saloon-keeper City Councilman is a bad citizen, and if something is not done to squelch him and the infidel Dutch nihilist brewer, this country is gone to the how-wows.

The Democrats are afraid of the Catholic Irish saloon-keeper, and the Republicans are afraid of the infidel Dutch brewer, and the Catholic Irish whisky slinger and the infidel Dutch heath jerker are in cahoots, and are having a picnic in running this country.

You can find plenty of preachers that will read the prophet Daniel and the book of Revelations about red hilly goats with brass horns, and Bessemer steel hoofs and nickel plated tails on them, and say that means the Catholic church, but you can't find a preacher in Lexington, nor an editor nor a politician who will dare denounce the fact that Catholic Irish saloon-keepers have demanded and received from cowardly and contemptible Protestant Christians, falsely so called, a separate part of the public school fund for the education of their Catholic children, because they do not want their children to be religiously contaminated by hearing the same things in school that the rest of our children hear.

At the rate things are going in Lexington to-day, in twenty five years from now there will not be a man who will dare to defend the Protestant faith on the streets of Lexington.

Any of these newspapers will skin Bob Ingerson and me for being infidels, and they will poking fun at any of the Protestant churches or Protestant preachers, but there is not one of them that will dare to open his cowardly head against anything that any priest says or does in the holy Catholic church.

When they get a good chance they can be just as jolly at the expense of Protestant churches and preachers as I am, but they all draw the line at Catholicism.

When these editors go to one of these churches with a high steeple and a cross on it, and a plaster-of-Paris Saint Peter with the smoke house key under his arm, inside of it, or when they meet one of these fat priests, with his head shaved and his shirt collar on hind part before you, see a religious reverence on these Protestant ink-slingers that you never see at any other time.

Stick it to them old Catholic saloon-keeper, I enjoy it as much as you do. The hair of the dog is good for the bite.

If That is Religion I'll be D—  
If I Want any of it.

BROADWELL, KY., Sept. 10, '91.  
MR. C. C. MOORE—I have been reading your paper and have not sent you any money. I am poor in purse but not as a Prohibitionist. I have just read a short article headed "The last utterances of a discouraged Prohibitionist".

He has a right to be discouraged, for there are thousands of temperance men and women who take the meanest whisky papers and pay for them and then say when paid for they do not take a temperance paper "Oh, I am not able—I am too poor".

As soon as he called his name I knew about him. He has worked on a turpique until he made some money, and he bought him a little home and a little farm, and that man is prospering in the world, and the chances are that he will be a valuable citizen and leave his family provided for, not merely in means but in a good name.

If that man had lived in Lexington he would probably be a member of the City Council, have a saloon, and be robbing his countrymen of their hard earnings on turpiques and railroads by selling them mean whisky.

That man said to me "I am an Irishman and a Catholic, and you do give my people the devil, but every word of it is true". And then he told me that he was in town to see a lawyer because he had gotten into a fight with a drunken Irishman who was doing him wrong, and that it would cost him \$50.00.

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I have, among my neighbors in the country, Catholic Irish people, and there is just as true a friend-

ship between us as there is between my neighbors. One of them only two days ago, while he was so drunk he almost fell out of his market wagon while talking to me, insisted that he was going to bring me a lot of fine vegetables just for friendship. There are among my Irish neighbors some poor young men, who are indolent and honest, and who take good care of their widowed mothers, for whom I have the highest regard, while I have very little for many rich and aristocratic dudes who would look down upon these poor young fellows.

Mr. Moore I want the Blade—canned as you will see by the following. You will find check enclosed for \$2.00 and I will be one of 1,000 who will give \$5.00 to be paid to you to keep the paper in existence. It is worth all the papers in the state to me. It has sand in its craw.

F. M. BAILEY.

That man is a Methodist and a Christian, and he and I are just as certainly brothers as that the Siamese twins were.

They talk just like the "New York Voice" does—the national Prohibition organ, one of whose editors is a Methodist minister. The Voice says the Prohibitionists should get out of the whisky churched and start one of their own. I am already out, but I am ready to go into a church that is conducted like one of those churches that we read about in the New Testament in the apostle times, if they teach in that church not only Prohibition but all the Christian virtues and good deeds.

I am tired of the word "faith" in connection with religion. I don't care what in the devil man believes so he does right.

Christian people who are paying their money to any preacher who does not vote for Prohibition had better put it in a rat hole, or bet it on a horse race or dog fight. I think that young man who got out of the Presbyterian church and voted for Prohibition has "sand in his craw" and has not got "cotton string for a backbone," as Sam Jones says.

I love Joe Hess that used to be a New York saloon keeper and prize fighter. He got ashamed of himself and went and told his wife he was going to be a better man, and now he and our Kentucky Geo. W. Bain speak together for Prohibition.

I do not know what account on God's earth that "little Presbyterian preacher" at Broadwell is, unless it would be to kill him and use him for soap grease, if he is as fat as they generally are.

Such a man is an affliction to society. He is a Christian "for revenue only." He lives in a great distilling country and therefore he is for whisky. If he were to go somewhere to ply his trade where the sentiment is against whisky, he would be the ripsoningest little Prohibitionist you ever saw; and when the tide begins to turn in our favor, such as he is going to be the fellows that will afflict us, by being fanatical Prohibitionists, and won't let us eat vinegar on our cabbage, because vinegar has alcohol in it. Set up with 'em Bro. Bailey.

Are Saloon Keepers Infidels?

I have received a long rambling scatter-brain kind of a letter from a party who signs himself Thomas Martin, at Erlanger, Ky.

Thomas represents himself as a devout Christian in religion; while of his politics he says, "Now Bro. Moore I am a Democrat, but I'm as good a Prohibitionist as you and don't keep a little brown jug in the cellar as the majority of you so called Prohibs do."

The rest of the utterances of his letter, which is in a little finical hand writing with some mispelled words is, "intellectually, about in keeping with the sample I give.

Another one of his statements is that I can not find a minister who is in favor of the liquor traffic.

Thomas says that by mere accident one of my papers has fallen into his hand. I would advise him never to let that accident happen again; for the first one seems to have had a deleterious effect upon him, and I am satisfied that Bro. Martin's nervous system could not stand a consecutive reading of the Blade for a month.

I would recommend to him something soothing in literature, like "Baxter's Saints' Rest" among books, and the "Kentucky Methodist" among newspapers. A few Presbyterian tracts on the Final Persecution of the Saints," taken in broken doses just before going to bed, have all the sedative effect of morphine, without the danger of contracting a habit that you can not get over.

Bro. Martin is fearfully exercised over my theology. He thinks I will "never get to be a second Bob Ingerson." I think he is probably right in that conjecture.

There is a vein of facetious irony through his letter that is quite entrancing.

One extract from his letter I have thought would be of sufficient public interest to warrant me in publishing.

He says: "Do saloon-keepers go to church? If they do it is very seldom. Ask the majority of them what is their religion, they will say like yourself they believe in no church, and are in-

fidels like yourself. Bro. Moore you ought not to be so hard on the members of your own religion."

My experience as a newspaper reporter and my reputation as an infidel would probably make me know of every man in Lexington who is an infidel. I think that when I was reporting for a newspaper two or three years ago, I knew of almost every man in the town who was willing to announce publicly that he was an infidel.

I never knew but three saloon-keepers in Lexington who said they were infidels. I went to all three of them and said to them that their business was thoroughly inconsistent with their claims that they did their own thinking and acted accordingly.

Two out of the three voluntarily quit the business and said they were ashamed of it, and not a great while after the third one was closed out by the sheriff; but I believe he resumed the business.

The last was a Frenchman. The other two were intelligent American born men. One of them drinks too much whisky, but the other one is as near a model man as anybody in Lexington. Both of the latter are good friends to my paper and book.

There is now only one saloon-keeper in Lexington who would probably call himself an infidel.

He is now, or in the last few years has been, a member of the City Council.

Taken as a class in Lexington, I believe the most sincere believers in Christianity, and the most regular attendants at church are saloon-keepers. They are largely Catholics.

With the exception of old Bro. William Van Pelt, who is a member of the Christian church and a Prohibitionist, the most regular five or six church attendants in Lexington are saloon-keepers, and they are the most prominent and influential and active men in their church.

I do not know but one saloon-keeper on earth—or in hell, for that matter—outside of Lexington. I think he believed in Christianity as devotedly as Bro. Martin.

Col. Pepper of Lexington is like Bro. Martin, "Prohibitionist who votes with the Democrats. He runs a great big distillery, and has a Presbyterian Sunday-school superintendent to superintend his distillery. But Col. Pepper does not drink any whisky. Too smart. He knows what is in it.

A Young Lady who Likes the Blade and Wants My Book, "The Rational View."

RICHMOND, KY., Sept. 18, '91.  
C. C. MOORE, Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR—As the Blue Grass Blade failed to reach us this morning, I concluded it had suspended.

I am sorry.

Although there seems to be, to the masses, many objectionable points therein, to me these were outweighed by the unobjectionable.

What peace-giving health-giving and spiritualizing words came to us through the columns of the Blade.

My subscription does not expire April 21st '92; therefore, if you are willing, please send me a copy of your book, "The Rational View," in lieu of the Blade for that time.

This will more than recompense me.

Very truly yours,

W. E. P. MCALISTER.

P. S. Should you ever edit another paper I am a subscriber for it.

W. E. P. MCALISTER.

I would rather have one good letter like that from a nice, good lady with brains in her head, than forty of them from some of these pious frauds that abuse me. I might be a widower some of these times and I file away letters like that.

He Likes the Blade and Pays for it and "The Rational

HARDYVILLE, KY., Sept. 20, '91,  
MR. C. C. MOORE.

DEAR SIR—Enclose please find

check for \$3.00, \$1.00 for your book, which you sent me some time ago, and \$2.00 for the Blade,

which you kindly sent me since I wrote you for a sample copy early in the Spring. If I send two much and the Blade is this day hung up to be taken down no more, place the rest to my credit on the C. C. Moore lecture fund, and call on me for an additional if it be necessary.

But I hope you will consume your trade with Bro. Neal, and move on with the Blade. I have read Bro. Neal's paper, "The Worker," and like it very much.

We need just such a bold, outspoken fearless paper as the Blade is, in this rum-ritten state of Kentucky.

With Moore and Neal at the helm, the Blade will surely have a bright and successful future, accomplishing much good for "God, home and native land," and the rising generation. Don't get discouraged Bro. Moore, you have admiring friends all over this

broad land of ours. Your keen little Blade is doing grand work. Keep it bright and shining. Don't hang it up to rust. Keep on mowing. Save the boys, and the rising generation will call you blessed. If the Blade lives continue me as a subscriber.

Yours truly,  
JESSE RUSSELL.

A Christian Minister who Does not want the Blade "Toned Down."

812 W. MARSHALL ST. RICHMOND,  
VA., Sept. 21, 1891.

DEAR MOORE—Don't stop publishing the Blade. Please don't stop. It has evin

### That "Ungodly League" Editorial of the "New York Voice".

The most significant thing that has ever occurred in Prohibition politics, of which I know, is that editorial of our national Prohibition organ, The New York Voice, on "The ungodly league of the Church and Saloon", and the sympathetic response from Prohibition papers and Prohibition workers all over the country.

The substance of the editorial is that the church is the bulwark of the rum traffic, that Christians who believe in Prohibition should withdraw from these churches, and either establish churches of their own, or just live in the Prohibition party as being better than the church in its present form, and use the money that they have been giving to churches, for the Prohibition party.

It not only takes the position that no man is a Christian who votes with the old political parties, but says of any preacher who is even silent on the Prohibition question that he is not fit for a teacher of the people.

Nothing can be any more self-evidently right than the whole tenor of the Voice's editorial. In all the church member voters of the United States there are twenty out of every twenty-one who vote for the liquor traffic. That the church thus becomes the bulwark of the liquor traffic is indisputable. The Prohibitionist then who gives twenty-one cents to the church beats Prohibition, and one cent to help Prohibition beat the church and its ally the saloon.

One of the most efficient ways, therefore, to beat Prohibition is to strengthen the church by giving it money.

Of course we all know that our Prohibition voters are largely church members, but the liquor voters are much more largely church members, and if the fact that Prohibition voters have come from the church proves that the church is the friend of Prohibition, the fact that all of these voters have come from the Democratic and Republican parties would also prove that those two rotten old political parties are friends of Prohibition.

It twenty out of every twenty-one church members vote against Prohibition, as they undoubtedly do, if there are 5,200,000 church member voters in the United States, and only 250,000 of them vote for Prohibition then, by mathematical demonstration the church is the enemy of Prohibition. If all these Christian voters except 250,000 vote as the liquor dealers want them to do, then of course the church is the friend and ally of the liquor dealer. There is no use of debating that question longer.

The papers published in the liquor interest never have any complaint to make of the church. They pick out the few scattering ministers and laymen who oppose the liquor traffic, and these papers call them fools and hypocrites but they brag on the church and print the sermons of the preachers who say anything against Prohibition.

If there is any conscience in the church, such a withdrawal of Prohibitionists from its fold would be the most effective mode of arousing it.

If we have left the old political parties because they were corrupt and immoral and pledged to support the liquor traffic, I can not see with what consistency Prohibitionists can stay in the churches, all of which are just as earnest in the support of the liquor traffic.

There's no sense in telling about all the splendid resolutions that the different churches are passing in favor of temperance and Prohibition. It's all poppycock, and intended to humbug somebody, just like the Republican party passes temperance resolutions.

The church people and the Republicans who pass the resolutions are nothing but a lot of liars and at the very time they are passing them intend to vote for the liquor traffic at the next election.

I can not conceive of a man who is a Christian for the sake of encouraging the Christian virtues, and doing good to his fellow men, not being a Prohibitionist.

I would love more than anything that I can imagine, to see all Christians who are such simple for the good they can do, combine in one great church, to be called simply "The Christian church," and this proposition of the New York Voice for the Prohibitionists to combine themselves in a church is the first intimation I have seen for a nucleus for the re-establishment of Christianity for the purpose for which it was intended by its founder.

I hope that Prohibitionists will withdraw their financial support from the present form of the church and devote it to the Prohibition cause, until they can organize a church that is in keeping with the Christian code of morals.

### Bro. Neal of "The Worker", and I can not Edit the Blade Together.

In the last issue of the Blade I said that Bro. Neal, editor of "The Worker" and I would probably associate in the editing of the Blade.

He has been kind and generous in all that he has said and done about going into the arrangement, but I do not now think it would be best for us to do so, and he says he will not be put to any inconvenience by anything that has been said or done, if we do not now consummate the arrangement.

I believe he is a good man, and perhaps have no right to say that he is not as honest in his religious convictions as I am. But as an abstract proposition I believe I would be giving too much of a sop to the Ecclesiastic Cerberus to subordinate my opinions to his when he is my junior in years and does not claim to be my senior in theologic or classic scholarship.

The whole country is full of editors of his theological views and I believe I am the only Rationalistic editor of a Prohibition paper, in the world.

That a revolution in religious sentiment is brewing among Christians is, to me, quite as evident as that such a revolutionary sentiment is growing in politics.

These two sentiments are going hand in hand, and they propose to accomplish not only Prohibition but much more for the world.

These sentiments are going to be immensely more liberal than now.

The religion and politics of the future will consist in *doing good* to our fellow men, and *faith*, that is now the greater main in religion, will be little regarded.

The trend of the most competent religious thought now is to divert the Christian religion of the miracle and supernaturalism that surround the teachings of all those great masters, and to accept and practice and inculcate those moral precepts which it teaches, which are the outgrowth of ages, and which, more than ever before, are pressing their truth upon our acceptance.

I can not better express myself on this subject than I have done in the preface to my book, "The Rational View", which says: "But as England and America owe to Lycurgus and Justinian and Blackstone a debt of gratitude for the civil law which "naturalis ratio inter omnes homines constituit", which they did not invent, but only compiled and codified, so do we of this most enlightened age that the sun has shone upon, owe to Jesus the carpenter of Nazareth, an inestimable debt of gratitude for the impress of ideas that stands stamped upon all of our highest institutions as plain as the lion and unicorn trade mark is upon the English goods that comes to our shores."

Unfeathered of the ignorance and bigotry and superstition that ancient and modern hired priesthood has found it to its interest to throw around the life of Jesus, his character would, to-day, stand out fresh and beautiful to every intelligent man and woman, as the picture of some great master, just cleansed of the smoke of censor and whitewash, on the walls of some ivy-grown cathedral of Europe".

Not only would Bro. Neal and I be uncongenial on the question of theology which is daily more and more asserting itself in Prohibition discussion, and will, before a great while, "split" the churches, but he and I would be sadly inharmonious on the question of woman suffrage.

In a letter from him that I have just received he speaks of woman suffrage as "a greater menace to homes than saloons".

I could not, and would not, stand one single editorial utterance of that kind in any newspaper on which my name was to appear as editor.

The man who can say that either does not appreciate that which is ugly in saloons, or that which is beautiful in woman, as I do.

If there is any merit at all in my newspaper it is that I say what, at the time, I honestly believe, absolutely regardless of consequences. I never saw any other newspaper that I thought did that, and I think there ought to be one of that kind in the world.

What may be the outcome as a financial, moral or political success I do not know; but I would rather go down trying to do right than to succeed by a compromise.

With a conscience void of offense toward God or man, I stand before the monument of the "Great Commoner" in our Lexington cemetery, and placing my hand upon my heart look up to his "counterfeit presentment" that towers to the skies, and say, "I would rather be right than President" of the Huffman Mill Turnpike Company.

### A Christian who Believes that God Raised me up to Edit the Blade.

TOLLESBORO, Lewis Co., Ky., Sept. 4, 1891.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Friend and Brother Prohibitionist:—I seat myself to pen you a few lines in answer to your request in the B. G. B. of August 29, in regard to your continuing to edit your paper.

While I think that you are the one to decide that, I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know what I had to say on the subject.

I am not able to be of any benefit to you so far as dollars are concerned, but if my good wishes and prayers are of any help to you, you can rest assured that you have them; for I do think that you come nearer pleasing me as an editor than any man I ever read after, and I think that the people need your paper, and that if you can, you should continue to edit it. I know of no other man who could come any way near filling your place as editor.

Now do not think, Bro. Moore that I take you to be as pure and spotless as the little prattler on its mother's knee; for I do not. I think that you are like the rest of the human family, after having grown to be men and women.

We have our faults, but I think that your faults as an editor are very small and few in number as compared with other editors.

I am satisfied from reading your paper that you are an honest gentleman; true to your own convictions, and bold and fearless in the proclaiming and defence of the same. And that is the man that we need at this present time for an editor, or leader of any kind.

But I am sorry to say that the majority of our leading men of different callings are not that way.

If they were, things would not be as they are to-day. If the preachers of our land and nation were true to the profession they make, and would vote as they pray, the liquor traffic would go out of our country like dry stubble before the fire. But let us not be disengaged, but press on, for the darkest hour is just before day.

I feel that with such men as you, as editors, the Prohibition movement will dawn before long.

My faith is strong. I feel that you and I, my brother, will be permitted to see the destruction of the usurped whisky traffic on the American continent; for right is might and will prevail.

We learn from the reading of the Bible, that the Almighty raised up men for special purposes and that all great and good men had their work to do, and I do believe my brother, that the God that made us and the people of this nation, made you as editor of the Blue Grass Blade, until the liquor traffic is a thing of the past.

I think that surely is your calling. I think that such will be the case that the people that are able to help will come to your assistance, and you will continue your excellent paper, in defence of the right, until the great wrong has been wiped out, and then I trust that your days, like Hesekiah's of old, may be lengthened out fifteen years, and give you good time and opportunity to correct what errors you may have made in the excitement of the battle against King Alcohol.

Well I will close my remarks hoping my desire for you may come true. And I trust that if we never meet in time we may meet in eternity, among that number that have their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

Truly Yours,  
W. H. RUMMANS.

mighty issues struggle for birth in the body of futurity. History is repeating itself, and men are talking just as they did when the great war chador was beginning to boil, that resulted in the overthrow of slavery.

The liquor traffic is the greatest outrage that ever cursed civilization.

The daily news from every point of the compass brings to us the accounts of the misery and degradation, ruin and death and worse than death—hell on earth, the fires of which are fed by fiends incarnate by the sanction of law; the cries of the widow and the orphan appeal to heaven like the blood of righteous Abel, and bold and grand and good men are coming to the rescue of these innocent sufferers, and this damned traffic will go down, and its infamous defenders will bite the dust, if it takes war and blood to do it.

In a little while, every man whose heart throbs in sympathy with the heroic Nazarene will come out from these churches, the bulwark of this traffic in human lives; and they will be an organized army under a white banner with a Cross on it, and this famy and atrocity, this outrage upon civilization, this disgrace and stench in the nostrils of all true men will come to an end.

If the true men and women of this land do not combine their efforts against the clergy and politicians and editors who, for base and mercenary motives, are filling our cities and towns with these liquor hells, kept by the lowest and most depraved and ignorant of the offsprings of Europe, who are now controlling the affairs of the state and grasping at the control of the church, this government will never celebrate another centennial.

All other political and religious issues pale into insignificance before this stupendous sin, which, like the fabled bird of "Sinbad", spreads its black pinions from horizon to horizon, and hangs like the pall of doom over the destinies of this country.

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### Similarity Between the Vote for Josiah Harris in 1891 and Cassius M. Clay 1851.

(From the Southern Journal.)

The vote for Maj. Harris, Prohibition candidate for Governor at the August election, 1891, the last under the old constitution, was 3,293. The vote for Cassius M. Clay, Abolition candidate for Governor of Kentucky, at the August election, 1851, the first under the old constitution, was 3,261. In twelve years after that election the emancipation proclamation was signed. An average student of political conditions I am inclined to believe that in twelve years more the Prohibitionists will win.

D. J. THOMAS.

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### Wants me in the Lecture Field.

A long good cordial letter from Bro. Whaley at Cynthiana, Kentucky wants to entertain me at his house, if I go into the lecture field. It speaks in most complimentary terms of Bro. Neal of "The Worker".

The letter closes as follows: "I see so much in the Blade that ought to be said elsewhere as well, that I can but command it very largely. I never was a milk and cider man myself.

Christianity and whisky will not mix any more than oil and water.

I could write you Bro. Moore till you would get tired of reading it.

"The half has not been told."

Yours fraternally.

S. W. WHALEY.

While I have received the most substantial encouragement from some very wealthy gentlemen, it is a fact that no poor man has forseen me, as far as I know; and only one woman has written me a discouraging letter.

I have received letters from the most cultivated and most pious women, and clear down to the inmate of a house of ill fame, all, with one exception, expressing all kindness and good wishes for me and my little paper.

The language of Bro. Rummans, who I imagine is a man well along in years, is thrilling to me.

He does not read between the lines, and find the poisonous religious doctrine with which I am supposed to be laboring to infect the land.

My life is a wonder to me. Why I, the only son of a very rich farmer, my life being principally passed in the retirement of a country home, without an instance of drunkenness in my family to suggest it, should now be absorbed, to the neglect of business interests, in this crusade against the liquor traffic, while I am commonly spoken of as an infidel, seems strange to me. I feel in myself the lack of the genius and moral courage and perseverance to make me a "hero in the strife", but somehow I do feel that I am the "voice of one crying in the wilderness. Prepare ye the way of the Lord", and that there "cometh one after me the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to stoop down and unloose".

Three cheers for Prohibition and four of them for woman suffrage.

W. W. GODDARD.

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But suppose Bro. Neal had said in the Blade as he did to me in a letter, that he thought woman suffrage a greater menace to homes than the saloons, what would you have said Bro. Goddard? And wouldn't the Blade have caught it from Mrs. Sawyer, of London, and Mrs. Henry, of Versailles, and Mrs. Clark, of Lexington?

Mrs. Henry speaks of Prohibition and woman suffrage as "The twins." They are regular Siamese twins. When you cut them apart they will both die.

One lawyer classes his letter with

### ANTI-NUISANCE WORK.

#### IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING INVESTIGATIONS BY THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

In the Liquor Traffic a Crime Producer? Is it a Nuisance Can the Legislature Banish Away the Public Welfare? License Constitutional?

(Special Correspondence.)

The National Anti-Nuisance League is pursuing an investigation which is very interesting to social reformers. As is well known the League intends to attack in the Courts the constitutionality of liquor license and revenue laws, and already some cases have been started with a view to test the matter.

NATIONAL ANTI-NUISANCE LEAGUE, 10 East 14th Street, NEW YORK, June 15, 1891.

DEAR SIR:

The U. S. Supreme Court in the case of California vs. Christiansen declared as follows: "There are no inherent rights in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquor by retail: it is not a privilege of a citizen of a State, or of a citizen of the United States."

In the same decision the following statement was made: "The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the traffic of ancient spirits obtained at these saloons than to any other source."

The last answers this.

I think it could; but there are plenty of thoroughly temperance Judges before whom such an issue could be tried. Try it.

I know of no constitutional provision with which they conflict. A Constitution cannot justly anything that is unjust; it may permit many wrongs to exist. There are many things permitted by Constitution which legislators ought not to do.

From ex-Senator Henry W. Blair.

1. Yes.

2. It ought to be held.

3. If it should be so held by the courts, remedy would be indictment and by injunction.

4. There must be a public opinion which will choose legislators and create courts which will decide the liquor traffic is an outlawed thing.

5. They ought not to be held to be unconstitutional. Public opinion as manifested in written law must be changed. Your agitation by prosecution will help to create that opinion. I hope it will secure favorable decisions from the courts.

From the Hon. John P. St. John.

1. Yes.

2. Yes.

3. Yes.

4. No. I have claimed for more than twenty years that all saloon licenses are void.

5. All such license or tax for beverage purposes are absolutely void, and

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